WELLESLEY COLLEGE NEWS

MAGAZINE NUMBER

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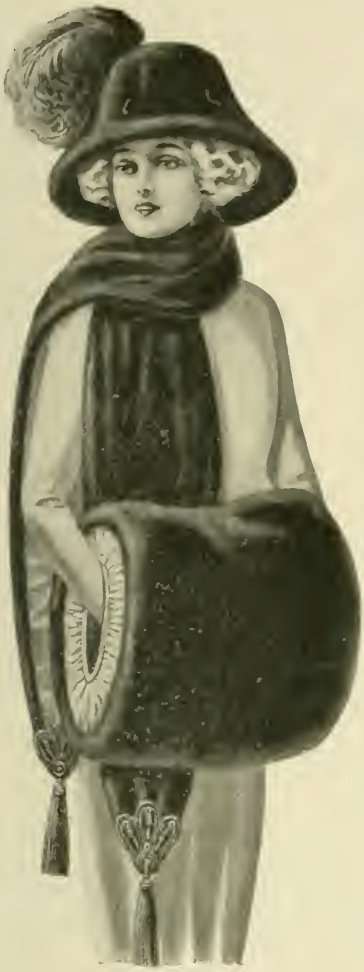

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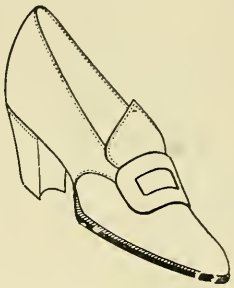

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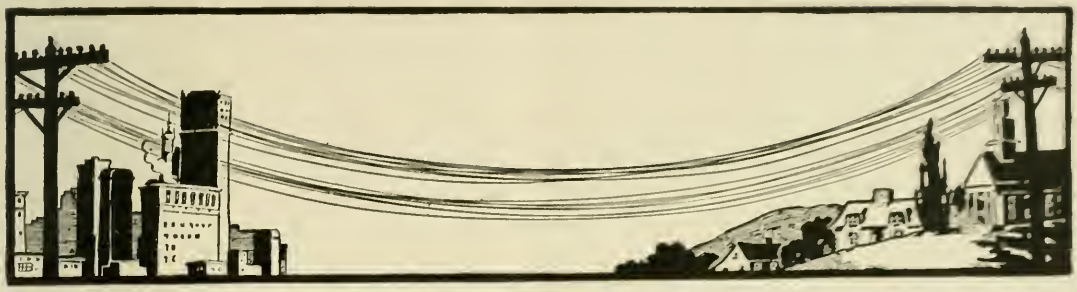

ALUMNÆ DEPARTMENT.

AN EDUCATIONAL NEED OF THE LOWER SOUTH.

The college graduate who begins teaching, in her first or her tenth year "out," usually wishes to go where her services will count most. But the reasons which stir some are not always easy to understand. Perhaps the impulse towards the mission field explains itself somewhat more definitely than does any other. The ignorance, religious or otherwise, of a foreign people, makes a peculiar and strong appeal to our comparative enlightenment. The writer, seeking not to undervalue the necessity for missions of any sort, has, however, wondered why there is one greatly neglected corner of the field. Reference is made to public school work in the states of our Union which comprise the cotton belt—the lower South. It is difficult to discuss an entire section from the view-point of one or two states; therefore, one must take with a grain of salt some details here given. But the statements made are largely true, some comparison of conditions having been made in the case of each state concerned.

Why does the college woman turn her back so squarely on this field? Those who become teachers cross the Atlantic to the Old World, or the Pacific to the Oldest World; the private schools, north, east, west, south, gobble them up; they animate the public schools of the North, East, West, of the border-states, perhaps. Rarely, almost never, do the public schools of the lower South gain even possible consideration from the registering teacher, be she Southern or Northern born.

Does the trouble lie with the schools, or is it the indifference of those who will teach anywhere, literally, save in a Southern public school? The latter is likely to be fact, if only because the South needs Northern trained teachers to make it realize its wants. If three (men)

> "with a new song's measure
> Can trample an empire down;

surely, one woman, with superior training, can do something revolutionary with a state!

If then, it is not schools, but teachers, who refuse to come half-way, one may consider three main reasons for this indifference or aversion: ignorance of actual, present conditions in the South; poor salaries; distance from home. We admit the latter hardships: salaries are poor; the South comparatively far. Yet distance is really no reason. Often, the Southern woman leaves home for a Northern post; Southerner and Northerner alike put the seas between themselves and home. The salaries paid seem a fair objection until we reflect that, generally, private schools in the South pay even less than do public schools. Yet the private schools get the college women! There must, therefore, exist great ignorance concerning present conditions, educational and otherwise, for the situation is else incomprehensible.

One who makes his first visit South is apt to expect a country rich in natural beauty and picturesqueness. What he finds is pretty sure to disappoint. The South is no more beautiful, nor picturesque, nor romantic, nor historic, than are other parts of the country. Again, a reputation for extreme culture and refinement, for courtesy and hospitality, has given its people much to live up to. In reality, one finds more culture, more aristocracy, certainly as much courtesy and hospitality in New England to-day. A generation or two of lawyers, literary men and statesmen disseminated through part of the South a culture which is certainly, to some extent, disappearing. When libraries were destroyed or scattered, those who would have been benefited had neither time nor means to acquire education elsewhere. Culture has "run to seed." One looks elsewhere for lawyers, literary men, statesmen.

There exist, too, erroneous ideas concerning the mental attitude one finds in the South. The "unreconstructed North" is only a whit worse than the "unreconstructed South" in the matter of each anticipating narrow-mindedness in the other. And we are judged by our representatives. It is a shame, truly, that certain Southern sections should be misrepresented by men like Tillman of North Carolina or Vardaman of Mississippi; the fact that they are unrepresentative of the best is a proof that it is not vitiated taste, but ignorance, that elects such men.

Mr. Alfred E. Stearns has said that much of the "very best material" they get at Andover comes from the South and West. This is probably true of many similar preparatory schools. Note, however, that the "material" is "raw." The South is largely a democracy of the crude, the untrained; yet it is a hopeful democracy of minds receptive, eager, following the worse because it does not know the better. Much of the best Anglo-Saxon blood in our United States is said to be here. Because of the comparative absence of manufactures in this section, a great foreign element is kept out. By birth, then, we should expect much of our highest citizenship to be contributed from the South. It is here, because mental capacity and mental endurance are here. But it is necessary that this citizenship be encouraged, inspired, trained, to make it desirable. How is it to be trained?

The boys and girls of the lower South for whom we ask this question must not accept the private school as an answer; and for three reasons. First, most of these children are unable, financially, to attend private institutions. Secondly, the character of a majority of Southern private schools is decidedly and startlingly inferior. Our third objection to the private school is that we wish to keep a hardly-attained democracy, and the pay school, especially in the South, fosters a spirit of class of the falsest kind. The free school, therefore, must solve our problem.

The last ten years have seen, in the lower South, what might be called an educational "arousing." Perhaps all we need is to have a cold sponge squeezed in the right place to make us wake right up and take such notice that we shall never again require severe treatment. But it is the Northern colleges that must supply teachers to administer this stimulus. To those who may come South for the purpose, it is right to explain that they will find little in the way of advantages and of appointments. In general, a teacher in the public schools of the lower South will find:

1. Poor buildings, badly constructed and badly kept, (especially in regard to sanitation).
2. Low salaries, long hours.
3. Limited number of teachers; hence, extra work for each.
4. Lack of libraries, of books, of bookstores; where there are libraries, lack of discretion on the part of such committees of selection as exist.
5. Ignorant, often tyrannical, sometimes even illiterate School Boards.
6. Lack of trained superintendents; hence, inevitably, poor supervision or none.
7. Almost total lack of trained teachers.

Down where these conditions obtain are thousands of boys and girls whose lack of opportunities is the finest opportunity in the world for those who seek to serve. To illustrate, we wish to say a little about two high school subjects, and about what they mean to Southern children.

The teacher of English in the lower South will probably strike her first snag when she is beset to supply ideas for her classes. Our children are not so slow in expressing themselves easily as they are

at a loss what to express. This is probably because they have little or no "background" such as is gained by reading, and because, lacking this, they are singularly unused, besides, to writing on "common or garden" subjects. The new teacher may find that her high school pupils—perhaps even in their last year—have been required to write only about two themes yearly, on such subjects as drove "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" to despair. This brings about a feeling of aloofness about expressing themselves that can be overcome only when they get accustomed to writing often on simple subjects. Then their literary inheritance shows. They have the skill of a generation or so ago, but it is latent because they have not been encouraged to use it. It is wonderful how straight an appeal good literature makes. One does not have to "appreciate for his pupils," as is so largely the case with the teacher of literature. The "bad boy," whom we find reading "Diamond Dick" or "Nick Carter," because he has access to nothing else in the line of adventurous literature, will invariably prefer "Kidnapped" or "White Fang," after he has tasted the latter. The young girl in the second year of high school, hitherto unacquainted with poetry, will write an appreciation of a bit of "The Lady of the Lake" that is as true criticism as one could wish. One may find a good deal of romance in the "setting-on-fire" of whole classes of boys and girls. There is something thrilling and, at the same time, pathetic about a class of twenty-five that "went wild," first over "The Lady of the Lake" and then over "Julius Cæsar."

Even more touching is the expression of feeling that a history class had about their texts, after a hard year's work in Fiske's History of the United States, Each refused to sell his copy, because he thought so much of it.

This brings us to the point most to be emphasized—the teaching of good history in the lower South. Our boys and girls are present-day Americans, although they live below a "line" which, if drawn to-day, has not been drawn by them. In a class of fifteen or more in American History, one may find a couple who come to the subject of the war with certain prejudices. Probably the same proportion, or greater—with different prejudices—would exist in a similar class in the North! Comparatively few Southern children have a miscomprehension of the character of Lincoln, and those who err are easily convinced. Only some one who sees clearly, fairly, and firmly, must lead them in the study of their country. Probably no course needs to be made so "stiff," and at the same time so free from "bookkishness," as does that in American History. Our citizens from the South must understand the relation that their section formerly bore to the whole country in order to determine the part that it would take to-day. Changed economic and industrial conditions must be met by all—can be met wisely only by those who, knowing the history of their nation, see the place of each section in our union. Ignorant or unprincipled demagogues who may go to the Senate from the lower South, go, not because the Southern voter admires their traits, but because he has not been trained to know or to care what qualities should be required of those in high office. The same applies, to a great extent, in municipal affairs. The wrong are elected because of ignorance of, hence indifference to the importance of their offices.

Each election brings to the polls a new lot of untrained voters. Is it not clearly the function of the public school to give them the knowledge and the vision to square their section with the rest of their country? The knowledge which they can get from a fair text-book in American History, from a practical study of Civics, from a thoughtful consideration of our constitution, will result in vision only if it comes to them through a teacher who has vision,—who cares for America and for its citizens, and who cares tremendously. Such a teacher can make our children care for America and care tremendously—can give to many that "patriot dream that sees beyond the years."

Meanwhile, we are "making out" with many who are not fitted to teach and who do not care for the work: with women to whom the school has become only an irksome way of making a poor living; with graduates of such inferior collegiate and normal institutions as the lower South affords; with young girls just out of high school who have neither knowledge nor vision. These young girls are, however,

the best of our teachers, because they have the earnestness and the enthusiasm that makes them want to learn how to teach. They need light, training and help from those who have been given so much of all three. "Come over and help us."

MARY B. JENKINS, 1903.

Natchez, Mississippi.

THE NEW YORK COLLEGE SETTLEMENT.

Among the pioneer settlements of the country is the College Settlement of New York. It was established on the first of September, 1889, preceding by a few days the opening of Hull House in Chicago. The college women who were its first sponsors and who have always interested themselves in its welfare had done work with girls' clubs under Dr. Stanton Coit at the University Settlement. Here residence was provided only for men, and realizing that without living in the neighborhood one could not become an integral factor in its life, the house at 95 Rivington street was secured, where women might live and which might "furnish a common meeting ground for all classes for their mutual benefit and education." Anyone dropping into the College Settlement parlors of a Sunday evening may feel the extent to which this original purpose has been carried out. Here the young people of the neighborhood, the women residents and occasional visitors from up-town mingle in the most delightful manner. There may be a regular program for the evening, but whether this is furnished by an outsider or by some of the young men and women themselves, or whether the gathering be a purely social one, as one glances from group to group, or talks with various individuals, one is sure to find in all that strong impulse for the common good.

The loyalty which its constituents feel toward the College Settlement is a wonderful and inspiring thing. As one of the club boys expressed it: "You see we haven't any college to belong to, and I guess we feel toward this house the way men feel to their colleges." The emotion seems even stronger. Love and loyalty to the Settlement amount almost to a religion to the older club members who have been connected with it since they were little children. They take fully as much pride in pointing out the features of the house, gymnasium and summer activities to a visitor, as does the most enthusiastic college girl in dilating upon the advantages of her alma mater. And one surmises that the Settlement may be a really more potent factor in their lives. Here they get away from the narrow, sordid outlook of life and for the first time come into contact with higher ideals and more altruistic motives. Through club and class work they learn the advantages of group activity, the influence of which has never been lost sight of in the organization of the work.

From its beginnings in the house at 95 Rivington Street, the Settlement has greatly developed, but this building remains the center of the work. It is a fine old house, dating back, as its mahogany doors and silver knobs affirm, to the time when the district was a fashionable one. But the neighborhood has greatly changed since those days. When the house was acquired the neighbors were chiefly German immigrants, but these, though some of them continue to maintain a connection with the Settlement, have been entirely replaced by Jews, and now the more prosperous of this group are moving to more favored quarters further up-town and the tenements are being filled by the recent arrivals of their countrymen, or latterly by Italians. Through all the changes in the population, the College Settlement continues to make its contribution toward the assimilation of these future Americans. The Settlement seeks to interpret to the newcomers the best of our life, and through English classes and other forms of activity among them does materially aid in their Americanization. Though the families change from year to year, 95 Rivington street continues to be in what may be called the heart of the Ghetto of New York. It is in the most crowded district

of that much congested city. The region, while one of the worst, is undoubtedly one of the most picturesque. The streets are full of push-carts, where everything from food to wearing apparel may be purchased and where the favored may occasionally find beautiful old brasses. The fire-escapes are bright with bedding and clothing of various colors, a veritable menace should the use of those escapes become necessary. The cries of the venders make a perpetual din. The whole has been described as more like Tunis than anything else, and despite efforts to the contrary, the atmosphere remains permanently foreign.

Here in this constantly changing neighborhood, where it has been one of the few permanent factors, the College Settlement has been at work for over twenty-two years. The house at 95 Rivington street is still used as headquarters. There are accommodations for seven residents and all of the workers lunch and dine together here. In the afternoons and evenings the parlors are usually used for clubs and the small back yard, which is virtually a well-bottom formed by the high surrounding tenements, affords a play space for a few which has a great advantage over the street, where traffic interferes with the play spirit. But the work for girls and boys is really under separate roofs. A house a block and a half away in Ludlow street shelters most of the organizations for girls. In the morning a kindergarten is conducted here under the New York Association, those in the public schools being inadequate to meet the demand. Three or four residents live in this building and have immediate supervision of the work, which consists in clubs of various kinds, and a most efficient cooking-school, where the instructor teaches the Jewish girls Kosher cooking, that is, the Jewish dietary laws are carefully observed. A kitchenette, adjoining one of the club rooms, affords an opportunity for working-girls who come from a distance to have supper together before their meeting and many of them gather for a cup of tea Sunday afternoon.

The boys' and young men's work is carried on at 86 First street, where a large modern gymnasium has been constructed adjacent to the rooms used for club purposes. There are gym classes every afternoon and evening under a trained director, who is in residence. On Saturday nights the gym is used alternately for match basket-ball and other games and fortnightly dances. At these, the highest standards of deportment prevail. An admission fee is charged and the receipts above the amount required for immediate expenses are used for some Settlement cause. Last winter all were interested in raising money to buy a press and other supplies, making possible the publication of the College Settlement News. This small sheet probably expresses better than anything else the spirit which pervades the Settlement. Its editors are representatives of the Council, the self-governing organization of the house, and one resident, and the contribution which they make is a large one. The girls and boys express themselves freely on questions of club, neighborhood and civic interest, the development being quite a natural one.

The Settlement Press has this month published a very attractive Mount Joy Calendar. Mount Joy is the summer home of the Settlement, situated about thirty miles from New York in the most beautiful spot in the Ramapo Mountains. It plays an important part in the work.

Mount Joy is dear to the hearts of all Settlement members, and, until one has participated in its joys, for at least over Sunday, one feels decidedly among the uninitiated in any settlement group. Here all learn to love the country, from the tiny kindergarten children to the oldest of the mothers. There are camps for girls and boys who spend ten days or two weeks of their vacation there with the other members of their club, and houses provide shelter for those who are too young or too old to appreciate the joys of camp life. The appeal that the real country makes to these city-bred folk is marvelous. They revel in the fresh air and nourishing food, in the walks through the woods and picnic suppers, in baseball and tennis and wading and bathing in the somewhat inadequate Dewey Pond, and from year to year look forward to their return to Mount Joy as the event of the season.

The New York College Settlement does neighborhood as well as club work. The head worker serves on the local school board and the house is represented by her and other workers on various civic committees, but in such a changing neighbor-

hood, it is the personal work from which the results are most apparent. The work with individuals is most fascinating. There is the greatest opportunity for the young college woman. Through a longer or shorter term of residence, she may come in touch with some of the most important of our modern problems and come into intimate contact with young Americans in the making. Settlement work affords infinite opportunity for personal service.

MARIE DOERING SPAHR, 1909.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE STUDY OF MODERN LANGUAGES.

"The last few years have seen an almost incredible increase in our intercourse with foreign nations in literature and culture, sciences and arts, commerce and diplomacy, travel and residence abroad. And the causes which have led to this increase—the growth of our country in wealth, population, culture and importance as a world power; the increasing commercial, industrial and cultural development of the leading nations; the development of the Latin-American nations in population, wealth, and political and commercial stability—all these causes, so far from waning, are likely to be sharply accentuated in the near future by such events as the opening of the Panama Canal and the colonial and internal development of other great powers.

As a result, the knowledge of living foreign languages is to-day more important than ever before and is still rapidly increasing in importance. The language of any nation or race is the register and repository of its material, moral and intellectual conquests, and the key to the character, achievements and institutions of those speaking it.

"The study of living languages has therefore a four-fold educational value, adding to the humanistic, disciplinary and philological interest inherent in all language study, a large practical value for those who fully acquire them. We may define these four aspects of language study and their relation to each other as follows:

"The humanistic or cultural value arises from bringing the learner into touch with the life, literature and genius of another race or nation. The practical value depends equally on this knowledge of national life and character, on a fluent speaking and reading knowledge of the language in question, and on a clear practical insight into its grammatical formations and structure. It serves as an auxiliary to various other fields of activity, such as commerce, science, art, travel and the like. Since an effective acquaintance with national life and character can on the one hand best be attained through the medium of the native language along with the thorough mastery of the same, and as on the other hand such acquaintance is itself a necessary part of the most thorough mastery of the language, it follows that these two forms of language study must in practice be absolutely fused together to secure the largest measure of success.

"The philological or scientific study of living languages is of the utmost importance to linguistic science, offering for study and investigation not only literary, historical and comparative data, but also the processes of actual speech. The effective philological study of any language must be based upon thorough and intelligent knowledge, and should therefore in the case of foreign tongues be preceded by and based upon the practical and literary mastery above noted.

"The disciplinary value of language study is simply an incident to these three fundamental forms of language study or to some special aspect of them, such as the study of vocabulary, grammatical forms and rules, or composition. It depends directly on the thoroughness and effectiveness of acquisition or in-drilling thus achieved. There is no discipline in half-learning things, to be forgotten afterwards, but rather a dulling and debasing of mental power. Consequently the training of observation, memory, judgment, reasoning power or æsthetic sense is best effected by the same thorough mastery which we have above noted as the basis of all direct forms of language study, and

not by any separately planned 'disciplinary' courses as such."*

Wellesley College offers through its Department of French systematic instruction as outlined above in courses of Grades I, II, and III, the latter affording opportunity for individual research by its graduate students. There are at present registered five students, A.B.'s of various colleges, whose investigations are directed on questions pertaining to different periods of the language and literature of France: Old French, the early seventeenth and eighteenth centuries of their evolution. Of these five, three have studied in Paris, one on a definite plan approved by the Committee on Graduate Instruction, the other two before registering in Wellesley College.

Students who go to Paris for the purpose of carrying on study in Romance Philology or Literatures often experience serious difficulty in planning their work.

Courses in the Romance languages and literatures are offered by the following University Schools: Collège de France, Faculté des Lettres (Sorbonne) Ecole des Hautes Etudes, Ecole des Chartes, Ecole des Langues Orientales vivantes. All these include numerous lectures and conferences, greatly differing in scope and character, and owing to the original charters of each school do not present a systematic and progressive organization, an articulated whole.

The foreign student is perplexed by the array that greets his eye, he cannot at first decide on what may meet his needs, what will best further his end. University posters and guides furnish only the briefest enumeration of titles or captions and lack the full and precise information sought by the individual student; each is left to himself or herself, to decide, choose, neglect at haphazard or grope in the dark—weeks and months are thus wasted in vain personal experience.

The multiplicity of the libraries open for research, the infinite diversity of their rich collections, their complicated means of approach are another source of embarrassment to the foreign student, who sometimes has but a year to collect material for a thesis or dissertation. And in the course of such research, further difficulties arise at every step. It goes without saying that native students consider it a pleasant duty to give aid and advice to such foreign students as ask for direction. But it is by no means an easy matter to get into touch with a chance student or with professors, themselves much absorbed in original research or in conducting research.

Such is the very frequent report made by Americans returning from study abroad, although when, after such experience, they meet with well-deserved success, they also, and very sensibly, lay great stress on the capital importance of first acquiring a good practical insight into French, not a mere so-called reading knowledge of the language. There are many college and high school positions waiting for thoroughly well qualified American men or women, who shall have condensed the professional integrity of prolonged co-ordinated study, at home and abroad, whereby they may be enabled to impart instruction as outlined above.

Among the courses open to graduates in the Department of French, there are several which, as majors, may be combined, as related minors, other courses in the Departments of Latin, Italian, Spanish, English Language and Literature, History and Sociology, Art and Science. The libraries of Wellesley College, Harvard University, the Boston Public Library afford valuable material for study, whether in the alcoves or at one's residence.

THERESE COLIN, PH.D., O. I. P.

*Cf. Montaigne's advice on the subject.

ANOTHER VOCATION.

"I have a great desire to do something. Heaven knows what," exclaimed Charles Kingsley, and therein expressed the spontaneous impulse of youth. The instinct of youth turns towards work as naturally as the childhood instinct turns toward play. Young people at their best seek a life task which shall exert their highest resources, as well as contribute vitally to the world's uplift. No longer is the necessity for wage earning the prerequisite of a vocation, nor is the receipt of a salary its inevitable accompaniment. Any one who craves self-expression in useful activity may to-day find a place among the earnest workers of the world who are striving daily for the "final triumph of the unselfish life."

Some of us Wellesley alumnæ have found what President King calls "expressive activity" in a task, which, though lacking in a terse, descriptive name, is nevertheless crystallizing into a vocation offering both salaried and unsalaried opportunities for service. We call our profession by the somewhat unwieldy title, "Missionary Education," and signify thereby the attempt to teach ourselves and others the meaning of the missionary enterprise throughout the world. Perhaps the succeeding paragraphs will serve to reveal the variety and attractiveness of the new vocation, by defining the labors of some of its followers among Wellesley graduates.

The latest and most picturesque development of missionary education is the missionary exposition, exemplified by the "World in Boston," held in Mechanics Building in the spring of 1911. For this exposition approximately ten thousand volunteer workers, known as "stewards," were trained for their service by required courses of study upon the countries and religions of the world, as well as the great American problems of racial and social conditions. Ethel Putney, '02, organized this mission study campaign of such large dimensions: The scheme provided progressively for a normal class of thirty potential teachers, who in turn taught other normal classes, the members of which led the stewards' classes in local communities or churches. This course of instruction, covering a year and a half in time, represented one of the most constructive tasks of the exposition, and was incalculably valuable in its effect upon the lives of ten thousand men and women. Credit for its achievement belongs pre-eminently to Miss Putney, for whom it is but one outstanding labor in a life given almost entirely to the promotion of missionary education, especially in the executive phases of the work.

In the "World in Boston," two thousand children, at different times, wore the costumes and played the games of the far-away, picturesque children of the world. Katharine Hall, '09, enlisted these armies of children from the Sunday-schools of Greater Boston, directed their training, and was present in Mechanics Building every day of the Exposition month to superintend her charges. Miss Hall has lately been compiling in book form descriptions of games played by the children of different races and regions.

Another exposition helper was Margaret Hazeltine, '01, who planned the various charts and posters portraying in graphic manner the facts of missionary achievement. In her home town Miss Hazeltine is constantly laying creative touches upon the missionary operations of her church, as well as devoting herself in real student fashion to the reading of the rapidly increasing literature of missions.

A second "World" will be held in Cincinnati in March, 1912, and Pauline Sage, '01, is taking vital part in its preparation.

To Mabel Emerson, '05, has been given an official position of dignity and opportunity in the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. She is the assistant of Mr. Brewer Eddy and her distinctive task is to promote mission study among the young people of the Congregational churches of the country. This wider opening for service came to Miss Emerson as a result of untiring work in her home church, in leadership of mission study classes and kindred undertakings.

Anna Brown and Martha Cecil, both of '09, supply examples of the opportunities in missionary education for employed and volunteer activity. Miss Brown is one of the regular secretaries of the Student Volunteer Movement, who travels through-

out the United States, visiting colleges and schools in order to encourage mission study and the enlistment of volunteers for service in the mission fields. Miss Cecil gives her time for a similar work, though in a limited area, among the smaller colleges of her home region. To volunteer one's life for missionary service in the needy places of the home land or foreign countries is a logical outcome of missionary knowledge. Therefore a task like Miss Brown's and Miss Cecil's brings into the limelight the double purpose of missionary education, to impart information and to produce missionaries in character whatever their geographical location.

Ethel Howard, '96, has been a persistent student of missions for several years, constantly testing her knowledge by practical service in the churches of Worcester and vicinity, also in missionary institutes in other cities and towns. She received her initial inspiration, as did many of us, from the summer conferences of the Missionary Education Movement at Silver Bay. In order to enrich her equipment as a teacher of missions she has recently taken a course in the Hartford School of Religious Pedagogy, believing that a knowledge of the laws governing human growth is the essential qualification of any effective teacher of children and young people.

Most widely known among us and most indefatigable in her industry is Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery of the class of '84. Her work has been a happy combination of extensive and intensive activity; the broad experience of travel and public speaking, supplementing the more isolated task of writing and editing, and vice versa. For several years she has been the leading lecturer at the summer schools on missions at Northfield and on the Pacific Coast. At Chautauqua for two summers she has led a large class of women in the study of missions. During the winter of 1910-11 she was the central figure in the group of women who traveled from west to east, San Francisco to Boston, making possible that memorable series of meetings knows as the Jubilee. Two mission study text-books have been written by Mrs. Montgomery: "Christus Redemptor," a survey of the Island World, and "Western Women in Eastern Lands." She has prepared the leaders' helps, not only for her own books, but also for the other books of the series, and she is now the editor of "Helping Hand," the woman's missionary magazine of the Baptist denomination, as well as joint-editor of "Everyland," the children's periodical. Mrs. Montgomery's career may serve as an embodiment of the versatility and scope possible in missionary leadership. Further acquaintance with a life like hers would reveal its vivid and vital contacts with people, its stimulating knowledge of world conditions and its deepening enrichment of the inner resources.

Doubtless there are other Wellesely alumnæ, as there are many graduates of other institutions, who are making the study and teaching of missions the major interest of their lives. It has been impossible to discover them all, and it is even more impossible to list that larger number of alumnæ who are giving a minor amount of time, proportioned to the demands of their major occupations. Among these latter are Katharine Hazeltine, '08, Dorothy Fuller Vawter, '08, Elizabeth Crane, '06, and Constance Emerson, '96.

Within the pale of missionary education is opportunity for usefulness almost unlimited in its variety. Every gift possessed by mortals may be exercised to the utmost. There is room for the story-teller and the story-writer, for the artist, the musician, the teacher, the dramatist, the executive, but each and all must be a lover of his God and of his fellowmen. "Get work," says Hilty, in his treatise on "Happiness," "blessed is the man who has found his work, let him ask no other blessedness."

ETHEL DANIELS HUBBARD, '99.

RARE BOOKS POSSESSED BY THE COLLEGE LIBRARY: THE FRANCES PEARSON PLIMPTON COLLECTION.

That Wellesley is so fortunate as to be the possessor of a collection of books and manuscripts, the works of writers of the Italian Renaissance, is due to Mr. George A. Plimpton of New York, who presented us with the nucleus of the collection in memory of his wife, Frances Taylor Pearson of the Class of '86. Nor did his generosity stop here, but has made it possible to make large additions. In making these additions three lines of development have been kept in view. First, Romances of Chivalry, those poems of adventure, the sources from which Boiardo and Ariosto borrowed character and episodes for their Orlando Innamorato or Furiose, also the many imitations and continuations of these masterpieces. Of these Romances we have perhaps, the largest collection in this country and one of the largest in Europe, a mine of material for any wishing to study this form of epic. Many of these books are in rare or unique editions. Of the 1543 editions of Boiardo's Innamorato only one other copy is known, that in the Royal Library of Stuttgart. The 1527 edition of the Orlando Furioso was unknown till 1821 when Count Nilzi described the copy in his collection. Of the Gigante Moronte we have an absolutely unique copy. Naturally this feature of the collection grows most slowly, as we have already those poems which are most easily obtained. The same may be said of our collection of the works of Savonarola, although for a different reason. The Frate's sermons and tracts were printed in great numbers, both separately and in collection during his lifetime and immediately after his death, but the ecclesiastical authorities sought to destroy as many as possible, thus it is now very difficult to obtain examples of his writings. Many are sought after by lovers of early wood engraving for their charming cuts from the hands of (for the most part) unknown artists of the fifteenth century. These have all the feeling of Mantegna and Botticelli, a feeling to be lost as soon as the next century is reached.

The main collection of first and early editions of the standard authors of the Renaissance, as we received it, was already enriched by copies of Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio, in themselves monuments of the early printer's art. Petrarch's lyrics we have in the 1472 edition, his De Remediis of the year following, Boccaccio's De Montibus, 1473, seventh edition, Dante's Divina Commedia, 1477, printed in the same year that saw the first book printed in England.

Of Aldine editions we have quite a number besides the Divina Commedia, 1502. Petrarch, 1501, Poliziano's Omnia Opera, 1498, the Letters of St. Catherine of Siena, 1500, the first edition of Castiglione's Courtier, the first of Bembo's Asolani, this latter with autograph corrections. In first editions, beside the above, we may mention Lorenzo de Medici's Lyrics, Macchiavelli's complete works, Guicciardini's Histories and works by Giordano Bruno.

In the additions which are made from time to time to the collection, the general character of this portion has been kept in mind. Examples of the works of representative authors mentioned by Symonds and Garnett in their Histories of Italian Literature have been sought for and this search is meeting with a large measure of success.

The original collection contains a number of very beautiful and interesting manuscripts, both on paper and on vellum. These have been added to as occasion offered; the plan being to obtain for those authors of the fourteenth and early fifteenth centuries examples of their works both in manuscript and in printed form. Thus we have Boccaccio's De Montibus in a vellum manuscript and in its first edition; his life of Dante in an exquisite little manuscript on vellum with the daintiest of blue and gold illuminated capitals, also a manuscript on paper and its first printed appearance in 1477 in the Vendelin edition of the Divina Commedia, also the first separate edition. His De Claris Muliebris we have both in manuscript and in printed form. We have been fortunate in our Petrarch manuscripts, one or two being of especial beauty. Some of our books we prize for having annotations by famous authors. A thirteenth century commentary on Peter Lombard's Sen-

tences has marginal notes by Petrarch, while an old work on astrology has been similarly enriched by the hand of Tasso. Such treasures we accept with grateful thanks, but we do not ourselves seek them out.

The question may be asked: Has such a collection as this any practical value, and would not the average student be better served by modern, critical editions of these authors? This can only be answered by asking another question: What is "a practical value?" Certainly if the average student in the Department of Italian should wish or be required to read Boccaccio's Life of Dante, she may do so more expeditiously and with less strain to her mental faculties by using such an edition as Milanesi and this the main library provides. But to the average student the world of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance is very far away and to see the books that were then in use, to handle the vellum pages written by a fourteenth century hand, may, perhaps, help to bridge that gap and bring not only Petrarch and Antonio Pucci nearer to her, but Chaucer as well. Moreover, the copying of a paragraph or two of say, our manuscript of Boccaccio's Life of Dante and comparing it with various printed editions may help her to realize in some measure the labor as well as pleasure of scholarship and some of the various processes that must be gone through before a critical edition can be produced by any author, as will satisfy the present demand of students. By means of exhibitions, illustrative material is laid before the average student, a help not only to the Department of Italian, but to those of History and English Language and Literature. What has now become an annual feature in the first semester, is the exhibition illustrating George Eliot's "Romola" in connection with the course known as English 6. Almost every writer mentioned is represented in some way. Where Romola is described as reading aloud to her father from the works of Poliziano, our first edition is opened at the very passage quoted. Where Pico della Mirandola, Landino and Ficino are mentioned in the same sentence, our collection of Pico's letters is opened at a place where we may see on one page a letter to Ficino and on the other one to Landino. Savonarola is described sitting at his desk in San Marco writing his Triumph of the Cross. We are fortunate enough to have a contemporary copy of the Triumph of the Cross with, on the title page, a wood cut showing the Frate writing in his cell.

It is, however, my opinion that there is another class of students that we ought to consider. In our conscientious desire to do the best possible for the average student we do not always keep in mind the different needs of those above the average. For students such as these whose tastes lead them toward the humanities, the Plimpton collection offers varied pleasures whether for work or play. It stimulates ambition and imagination and offers the means of satisfying the one and the other. It is hoped that as the value of the collection becomes more widely known and with the facilities which the Italian Department can now offer for advance work in the language and literature of the later Middle Ages and the Renaissance in Italy, students from other colleges may find it worth their while coming to us for the advantages in these lines that we can give them in this direction.

MARGARET H. JACKSON.

"THE END OF A SONG."

"The End of a Song," by Jeannette Marks. Houghton Mifflin Company, 1911. Price, $1.15 net.

The rocky hillsides and green valleys where dwell the simple, sturdy Welsh folk, Miss Marks has chosen as a field peculiarly her own. That her choice has been a happy one is attested by the charming sketches of "Through Welsh Doorways," published several years ago, and the two playlets which won for her a share of the recent Welsh prize competition.

In this longer story her skilful portrayal of the hearts and lives of these simple, kindly villagers reveals a keen vision and a delicate touch. Beneath the curious phrases and quaint fancies of this people, so little known to the world of fiction readers, "run the life-currents" which in their ebb and flow "pulsate to the same great needs, the same great loves and terrors."

"The End of a Song," while not a love story in the more conventional use of the term is an unusual tale of love—love expressing itself in three ways: the mother-love in the heart of a woman, the trusting, sacrificial love of a wife for a husband who did not understand, and the sympathetic, protecting love of a friend. As a foreword Miss Marks has quoted: "There is not a thought or a feeling, not an act of beauty or nobility, whereof man is capable, but can find complete expression in the simplest, most ordinary life; and all that cannot be expressed therein must of necessity belong to the falsehoods of vanity, ignorance, or sloth." The dedication is to the "Dearest of Friends, Ethel M. Arnold, Helen M. Cady and Mary E. Woolley." The plot is slight in structure, rather in the form of a narrative of the circumstances which make the love grow and blossom like a beautiful flower, which render the "song-wise" heart more rich and full and joyous.

Childlike trustfulness and loving devotion to Shon had been the keynote of Nan's life, a "tender, merry, clinging love, which had made forty years of married life pass without one discordant sound." At sixty-six her voice was still as pure and sweet as a bird's. She sang best in a love song, her hands in the black lisle gloves pressed tightly together, while the young people moved closer to each other, and the old lovers wiped away occasional tears. The Bethel folk were indeed proud of Nan, for they thought her voice was the finest in all those hills. Shon, also, delighted in her singing. That was the most susceptible point in his attitude toward her, but like many another man he was blind to her needs and accepted her thoughtful love passively as his due, "oblivious to little things which help in the smooth running of any life when lived with another." The richest man in Bethel, whose flocks and herds grazed on the sunny hillside pastures, who had a slate mine in the mountains and investments in Liverpool, he never shared with Nan a penny to give or spend. Mrs. Jenkins the Inn is drawn for us very vividly, a woman of no illusions and with an ever-ready wit. Strong, capable, a born field-marshal and bearer of other peoples' burdens, whose hands—to quote herself—were "never free from a subscription book," she stands in strong contrast to timid, shrinking little Nan, yet the relation between them is a very noble and beautiful one—"a larger friendship than is common to most women's ways of thinking."

Twelve children, the oldest but twelve years of age, just left motherless with a father, according to Bethel judgment, "worth nothin' at all as a man" are the innocent cause of all that comes to pass in this chronicle of the village happenings, twelve pairs of little hands which clutch boldly at the heart strings and bring love and joy into many homes and lives.

"Megan, Rhydderch, Jemima, Howell, Deborah, Robyn, Lowrie, Gwynfryn," and then the poor tired mother had become weary and perplexed and the last three children but one—the wee baby—had been christened Tom, Mali and Pat, "the names to which the village kittens usually answered."

"There are grand babies the world over, thick and plump as corn in a measure, but 'tis what's to be done with 'em whatever," sighed Mrs. Jenkins the Inn despairingly. Nan, when appealed to by Mrs. Jenkins for money to help care for the Morrises, offers, instead, to give a concert benefit and to sing some fine new songs. The night of the concert came a

pouring rain, followed by a cloud-burst and a flood. Not a picture flood, no, indeed, but a "really truly" flood. The two little rivers "wishing to show what they could do with a robust cloud-burst as an escort" came racing down the hillsides, doing damage in all directions, carrying away some of Shon's cows and sheep, breaking down the little village bridge and thereby separating Glyn Edwards, the baker, and his two days' bride, who stood wringing her hands on the opposite shore, causing Mrs. Morgan the Shop's unrivaled stock of picture postcards to go floating out of the door, and mingling flour, spices and licorice sticks in one grand melee, and worst of all tearing away completely the Morris hut. The children, all twelve, and the dog are saved by the father, aided by Mrs. Jenkins and her corps of assistants, and are scattered about in the various homes of the village. Tom and the little nameless one fall to the lot of Nan and Shon. The wonder of innocent babyhood and little Tom, who thinks "Misser Nan a good boy" awakens the mother instinct which has been slumbering in Nan's soul. In her eagerness to supply their needs she gains moral courage which leads her, unknown to Shon, to buy articles on account at Mr. Morgan's. As a result of Mrs. Jenkins' subscription book and the neighbors' generosity a comfortable home is provided for the Morrises, big and little, and the children are returned to the parent, a pathetic figure whose helpless inability to do or act is illumined by his love for them. But the family do not remain long united, for the father is soon stricken by a fever. Begging to have the children brought before him he counts them "as a man in a desolate place might count the stars," and dies. Meanwhile the awakened mother love in Nan is doing its work, and she realizes the injustice of her life. Demanding of Mrs. Jenkins the subscription book that she may learn the sum that Shon has given, she finds that, as always before by his paltry meanness, he has disgraced them both in the eyes of the villagers. Crushed and unhappy, she becomes ill with that soul-sickness which is the despair of doctors. Shon with a gentle stubbornness refuses to understand in spite of Mrs. Jenkins' vigorous attempts to enlighten him. At last Nan breaks down while singing him a love song, she tries to sing, but the spirit that sings within her is stilled, and weeping she tells Shon of the bill at Mr. Morgan's and her longing to have Tom for her very own. Shon is touched and eager to make amends promises her a certain sum each week and consents to take Tom, although the latter he is lead to do partly by a desire to outwit a neighbor who has already chosen the child. Instead of one baby they take the little nameless one also. The closing scene is between Nan and Jane Jenkins, one evening after the babies have been safely tucked into bed.

"Do you think he did under-stand?" persisted Jane.

"I'm thinkin' he did an' I'm thinkin' he didn't, Jane dear."

"Well, indeed," concluded Mrs. Jenkins the Inn, "anyway the end of that song was a penny."

"Aye, an' a baby," added Nan, smiling peacefully.

"Two babies," corrected Jane.

Despite the simplicity of plot, the atmosphere of quiet village life, and the commonplace, every-day details, this story of "older" folk has an unusual charm. By her skilful and sympathetic character-drawing and keen humor, revealed especially in the numerous bits of conversation, the author has made the Bethel people live and move before us distinctly and vividly. The abundance of details and simple incidents are so vitalized that they never dull the interest, but instead, in their responsiveness to the mood add effectively to the sombreness or brightness of the picture.

Occasionally there is a tendency to exaggeration, to undue striving for an effect. The attempt to personify the rushing little flood as it swept through the village, and the church bells ringing for Will Morris's funeral, while it may serve to make more apparent the intimate, personal relation between these country folk and their surroundings adds, however, to a sense of effort and tends to detract from the force and artistic merit of the story. Now and then an unnecessary explanation has hindered the movement. The following quotation—an unusual simile—illustrates the charm of style and poetic quality of the prose:

"Nan's heart was like the inside of a deep fir tree. Within were spaces through which you could see to hills beyond and

bright areas of sky and clouds that moved across the blue: within, too, were nests woven in years past and last year's nests and those built with infinite care by little tenants who sang their rental a thousand times a day; and, also, in the deep branches of this tree which the faintest stir of air made to sing, were downy feathers from little things that had plumed themselves and flown away; and here, too, were garnered leaves from other trees blown to this shelter by some wild wind. When the wind touched this tree, not only the singing branches, but all within stirred, conscious of one life, little nests where warmth had been or was, like some succoring love; and tiny feathers light as the most aerial of thoughts; and the sharp sound of old leaves which were as the piteous noise of memories."

It is a tale of mingled humor and pathos —of laughter and of tears—and the reader closes it with a feeling of increased respect for our heritage, the gift which has been given to each one of us—even unto the least—the power to love and to live a life "song-wise."

EDITH SCAMMAN, 1907.

ON READING THE POEMS OF SOPHIE JEWETT.

I turn the pages lyric with thy song,
And feel beneath the words thy pulsing heart;
Thou didst in that great Fellowship belong,
To whom high truth her visions doth impart.
And Nature showed to thee her loveliest hues,
And goat-hoofed Pan tracked out the forest way;
The joy of Friendship which thy song imbues,
For thee made twilight of the garish day.
And love came o'er thy heart and loosed the strain
Thy lyre concealed: a love for all mankind,
And love of Beauty, filled with joy half pain,
And love of Truth, the stamp of poet mind.
Too brief thy song; now bound with asphodel
The strings lie mute by thy hand swept so well!

MARY HAMILTON SWINDLER.

RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, we, the members of The Graduate Club of Wellesley College, have suffered a great sorrow in the death of Helen T. Morrill, Wellesley, 1907, be it

RESOLVED, that we express to her family our sincere sympathy, and to the alumnæ our high regard for her ideals of scholarship, and her love for Wellesley.

(Signed)

MABEL A. STONE, 1907,
EVELYN M. WAMSLEY, 1908,
LAURA A. WELCH, 1905.

THE STAGE IN GERMANY AND AMERICA.

(Translated from the German.)

COMPARISONS touching the purely cultural aspects of the old and new land are decidedly humiliating to the younger civilization. On the one side we feel the repose, the stability of a ripe national culture, on the other the crudity of a barely awakened intellectual life—a wide, wide gulf! And yet we must recognize that an arrestment of this later stage of the national development has been, until very recently at least, necessary and legitimate. A young nation has first to busy itself with its material concerns—the foundations must be substantial and sure if the later structure is to have any permanence. America, in particular, has needed all the energy, all the activity of a resourceful people to carry it successfully through those first great struggles for political freedom, those first great battles with a vast and unworked wilderness. The influence of Puritanism, both a benefit and a detriment in the national development, has also been, through its antagonism to the fine arts, a very decided check upon the growth of any strong æsthetic feeling. This influence is relaxing its severity, however, and with the leisure springing from greater material prosperity, it is becoming more and more possible for us to cultivate the finer aspects of a more highly developed civilization. And it is for this larger life of the spirit that we must labor and hope—for a fuller recognition of its value, for a more ardent impulse, "to rear the headstone of beauty above the towers of watch and war."

For the widespread distribution of a national idealism, and a general cultivation of a love of the beautiful, there is no stronger medium than the stage—the stage as it could, and should be! And yet, in America to-day it is just here that the combined effects of all the stultifying influences so conspicuously appear. The English stage presents likewise a state of degeneration. In Germany, however, where the cultural life has been allowed a freer development, and where the antiquated and lifeless condition of the church has given an especial impetus to the other civilizing mediums, it has attained a rare perfection. Of great value, therefore, in considering the dramatic problem in America, is a glance at the condition of the stage in the Fatherland.

Since the days of Lessing in the early eighteenth century, the German stage has made rapid advance. A glance at the "Hamburgische Dramaturgie" suggests the wide gulf between the two periods; for here we find the eighteenth century reformer confronted with problems strikingly similar to our own. We hear him bitterly lamenting the barbarous system of the wandering troupe, the breach between literature and the stage, the small opportunity for the production of an efficient body of actors; but above all we hear the most bitter reproaches against the stolid indifference, the intellectual flabbiness of that German public—as yet barely recovered from the desolation of the thirty-years' war. A warm-hearted, ethical public it was, to be sure, who in their theatres enjoyed applauding the attempts of the mediocre actor, and appreciated the downfall of the villain or the sententious moralizing of the hero, but who were incapable of higher, impersonal discrimination. "The Germans are as yet no nation—I do not speak of their political, but of their intellectual character. I might almost say, they hardly even wish for one," mourns the pioneer of the later culture.

It would be indeed a happy moment for the embittered reformer could he but glance at the German stage of to-day—there to see the fulfillment of so many of his unrealized dreams. Gradually there has matured a true and complete recognition of the place and purpose of the stage in the national economy—namely as one of the most influential mediums in the moulding of the ideals and customs of the people: and to-day the stage is to the German government no mere luxury, but a national necessity—a co-operator with church and school. The oversight of this delicate shaper of the national character is entrusted therefore to none but the most highly efficient, and freed from the hands of the private commercial manager, it becomes the direct charge of the state. The Emperor personally possesses a num-

ber of imperial theatres for the support of which the Prussian ministry lays aside yearly a considerable sum; and he has formulated the attitude of the nation, when at the founding of one of the new Berlin theatres, he says, "I am of the opinion that the theatre whose purpose it is to preserve the idealism of the German people, should be the direct instrument of the sovereign, and should be ever assured of his care, gratitude and recognition."

The establishment of the permanent, endowed theatre—that first great essential step in dramatic advance—has resulted from this attitude on the part of the state. Such an institution, founded and partly supported by the governing body, is the possession of every moderate-sized city,—an institution whose mere location and outward appearance suggests its significance in the civic life. A free open space removed from the tumult of the streets is set apart for the "Stadt-Theatre," a stately and dignified building, which by its isolation and simple repose seems a refuge indeed from the dust and dirt of the crowded life without. The managing body of these theatres is frequently chosen from the most distinguished names, and members of the nobility, high state-officials, professors, painters, writers, unite to further a closer relation between art and the stage, and the culture of the German people. A business manager is numbered among their ranks, but his work has no vital connection with the artistic management.

The result on both repertoire and presentation is easily surmised. Quite without consideration of popular favor or disfavor the most rich and varied programs are arranged. Shakespearean plays appear oftener on the German than on the English stage, and even the poor laboring classes who for fifty pfennig (ten cents) may obtain a seat in the theatre, learn to recognize the work of Goethe, Schiller, Ibsen, Maeterlinck. Children, who especially at Christmas-time and during the summer months are frequent attendants may here in a healthful and normal fashion, cultivate and indulge their imaginations, and through such works as Wilhelm Tell and other national dramas, strengthen and stimulate that love of Fatherland in which the German nation now is so rich.

Of highest importance in determining the calibre of the acting is such a varied and complex repertoire. The actors, considered as worthy servitors of the state, here settle and become with the other representatives of their art an integral part of the life of that city to which they feel a pride and obligation to render the best talent. This settled life of the actors, added to the valuable training afforded by practice in so many varied roles, has been the great factor in producing the complete "ensemble" of the German stage. There the incongruous gulf between the leading actor and his associates never offends, but the delicate and perfect adjustment of part to part such as we enjoy in our Symphony Orchestra where the great diversified body moves in absolute unison, the Germans find on their stage. Naturalness, reality, truth, is the essence of the work of these stage artists, and the spectator need fear no revolting display of unction or affectation.

One may ask if the German theatre-goer never tires of this high strain, if he may nowhere find a less heavily-charged atmosphere. Lighter sketches, such as "Uncle Butterfly," operettas, and work verging upon our comic opera, have indeed their place in some of the smaller and more insignificant theatres. But that which the German dignifies by the name of "the stage" is in no sense a mere place where "funny people do funny things in a funny way," (as someone has characterized the American attitude). To the least of the drama-loving German public it is something far greater than that. Refreshment, recreation, an escape indeed from the sordidness of every-day life is the quest of the great varied throng that crowds the German theatre—but it is not an escape into a false world of glamor, ribaldry, artificiality, but into the realm of creative art itself. "Ernst ist das Leben, heiter ist die Kunst"—this the German feels to the depths of his being, and he seeks with an almost devotional fervor that noble pleasure which is the essence of the great masterpiece, the great creative interpretation of life.

National recognition, then, the endowed theatre, efficient management, and rare perfection of acting—this the German stage has already won. The present di-

rection of dramatic reform deserves a few words. The goal toward which artists and stage-managers are working to-day is a simplification of the theatre and stage equipments. The size of the buildings, more adapted to opera than drama, has proved a hindrance to the desired intimacy of relation between actor and spectator, while the luxury and pretence of outward effect, evident in both theatre-building and stage appointments, has detracted from the intrinsic effect of the drama itself; also through the often pedantic attempt at "stage-naturalism" a check to the imagination of the spectator. Considering the theatre as an organic whole, in which the work of art itself must ever remain the central and unifying feature, the attempt is for a better adjustment of the plastic and dramatic arts. For the flat "relief-stage," serving as a more perfect frame for the stage-picture than the old receding style, there is especial interest.

One feels in turning to the demoralized dramatic situation in America that across the seas there is indeed a "land of order and of soul" from which we are as "yet a great way off." For the striking degeneration of our own stage the causes have already been suggested; partly the Puritan influence, by which, diverted from its normal growth, the stage has become a mere social outcast, the indulger rather than the guide of the national taste; and further, the indifference of the American people, arising from over-absorption in practical affairs. "Mature men, thank God, have something more important to do," is too often, even as in the time of Lessing, the unconscious attitude of some of the most virile representatives of our national life. The patronage of the purely cultural aspect of our civilization has been left to women, and its oversight often to the incapable or mercenary. Church, school, all the arts, to a certain degree, are suffering from this negative attitude—the stage, however, has been allowed to sink into the hands of the most ruthless vandals, men with barely a trace of culture or æsthetic feeling and who have marred the sacred fane with their glaring commercialism.

The industrializing—if one may use the term—of the young American stage in its early growth has been the most stultifying influence possible. The growth of rival theatre trusts, the all-consuming monopoly of the theatre industry by the great controlling syndicates, the necessary catering to an inferior public taste, and the feverish grasp for a quick supply of popular material, have naturally produced dire results upon the dramatic situation.

Long accustomed to identify the drama with popular amusement, the desire of the great theatre-going public has been for the light entertaining or the glaringly spectacular; this, added to a failure to discriminate between play and presentation, and a disproportionate interest in the stage-personality, the favorite "star-actor," are the tendencies which have been necessarily observed by the commercial managers. Very cleverly, too, they have indulged these tendencies. They have, it is true, somewhat overstepped the bounds and the oversupply of nonsensical musical comedies and ribaldries with which they have so surfeited their patrons has gradually produced a repulsion, only recently beginning to be positively expressed, to the tyranny of "the manager." In general, however, these clever business men have correctly interpreted the public taste and temperament, and as a result we have with us to-day the prevalence of an inferior type of play, created often purely in response to the demands of the manager and his public, and the disastrous growth of the "star-system."

This over-attention to the leading actor has produced an especially regrettable result upon the dramatic problem. Very skilfully through a further appeal to a present American weakness—that love of the succesful thing—and with the assisttance of vivid advertisement through press and bill-boards, the theatre-manager has often been able to actually manufacture a so-called "star-actor." He may possess very little genuine ability; his only qualification may, in fact, be a mere outward charm of personality and manner. Further, through clever choice of an inferior company, and an equally clever choice of play in which the limited ability of the "star" is not too apparent, a manager may preserve and increase the popularity of this most necessary tool in his financial enterprise. Current expressions are significant, and the extent to which the drama itself has become subservient to the leading actor, is suggested by such catch-

phrases as "I am going to see so-and-so in so-and-so" (the latter quite as an afterthought), or a certain manager announces that he is to present such and such a work, "written expressly for" the stage favorite—the author's name even being often omitted. Not only the greatest offence against stage-unity is such a system, but an insurmountable check upon the development of an efficient acting body. It is possible for the majority of American actors to obtain only the meagerest sort of training. How can they, remaining months at a time, as they do, in the same insignificant subordinate roles? They must necessarily become little more than stage-puppets, their real talent, if they possess any, lying buried and undiscovered.

Such a theatrical situation has naturally produced a very obvious reaction on the playwright. The lack of capacity among the actors as a whole to either conceive or execute successfully any but the most meager drawing-room sketches, and the necessity of writing with his eye on the manager, are the problems before the young writer. Such debasement of his work is repulsive to the true artist, and consequently the production of the drama itself has tended to fall into the hands of a mercenary type of hack-writers. In their leisure moments the managers themselves try their hand at writing plays, or perhaps a retired journalist, in need of a little ready cash, throws into dramatic form some of his previous editorial disquisitions; in such a work as "The Battle," by Henry Moffett, which deals in a gossipy, reportorial way with the present-day problem of capital and labor, is to be detected this journalistic origin.

But this is the sort of thing we patronize—just such sketches dealing in an easy, popular way with current practical issues draw our purses and our applause. "The public likes it; therefore, give the public what it wants"—the manager has no other criterion. Even the more serious playwright cannot, under present conditions, wholly escape the lurking shadow of popular demand which beckons him from his purely impersonal design, and leads him to commit the fatal flaw of timeliness. Work such as the "Lion and the Mouse," dealing with the present-day trust problems, "The Gentleman from Mississippi," a dramatization of Washington politics, or the "Regeneration," formulating some of the current sentimental philanthropic notions, are examples of this sort of embodiment of fleeting tendencies—healthy, harmless little works, but written in the sand.

Already, however, there are beginning to appear encouraging signs for the future, and one must feel that the gloomiest days are passing and that we are approaching a brighter era. The appearance and reception of strong work such as Percy McKaye's "Joan of Arc," or Moody's "Great Divide" and other dramas of permanent ideas as well as certain more practical reform movements, suggest a slowly dawning consciousness of the possibilities of the drama, and of the true function of the stage. The first attempt to establish an endowed theatre in New York has been, unfortunately, a rather striking "Americanism." And yet, in spite of the apparent failure of this initial undertaking, with all its pretense and the over-confidence of its wealthy, though not too discriminating founders, it is a significant event in the history of the American stage, in at least presenting a recognition of the needs of the situation. Such radical ventures are, however, somewhat premature, and a more practical solution lies in the rapid growth of dramatic clubs, organizations and courses of study. Professor Baker's course in Harvard, for instance, and the establishment of such a society as the "Drama League," which are attempting a gradual development of taste, and unfolding of dramatic appreciation,—this is the kind of pioneer work in the sphere of the drama which we hope is to usher in that future of national culture and intellectual integrity.

THE AMERICAN STAGE AND THE GERMAN STAGE.

(Translated from the German.)

WHEN we study the American stage of to-day, we realize how much it resembles the German stage back in Lessing's time, and how far inferior it is to the present German stage. Just as in America to-day, there were in Germany in 1766 only poorly paid travelling troupes which had to endure all sorts of hardships. The actors were from the lower classes, scorned by society, while the theatres were chiefly managed by avaricious men who had no interest in the stage as an art. After many unsuccessful attempts, a national theatre was established in Hamburg, where Lessing, as theatre-critic, wrote his "Hamburgische Dramaturgie" (criticism of the Hamburg stage). Although the citizens were interested in the undertaking and the best possible plays were given,—mostly translations,—the undertaking was not a financial success.

Lessing's criticism, however, had a great influence on the drama, for it showed what the German stage lacked. His reform was one of the main factors in the development of the present stage, (which, in comparison to the American stage has reached a considerable degree of perfection). The active interest of such literary men as Schiller and Goethe did a great deal for the German stage, for it placed the drama on a par with other forms of literature. When the state, the government in the cities, even the Emperor himself, began to take interest in the theatre, its high position was assured.

The American stage, however, has an entirely different history,—a much shorter one, since it has developed only as far as the German stage of Lessing's time. In this country, the Puritans opposed the introduction of theatres to such an extent that they were forbidden by law. When General Burgoyne came to America with the English army, he used to entertain the soldiers with the plays he had written, to the great horror of the pious New Englanders. In the year 1792, the "Board Alley Theatre" was at last established in Boston, where musical entertainments were given with short farces and monologues. Long before this, theatres had been running in New York, Philadelphia, and the South, where the religious opposition was not so strong. Once a manager of a Boston theatre announced a "Moral Lecture in Five Parts," a large crowd of pious Bostonians went and were completely shocked, when they had to sit and listen to "Othello."

In later years the American theatre developed, till it became an essential feature in every community. No very high type of drama was attempted, but the plays were acted well with simple stage properties. It has only been of recent years that the theatres in America have been avoided by cultured people. It is only of late years that poor, cheap, vulgar plays have been more numerous than good ones. The common people go to vaudeville now. The pious people avoid the theatre and oppose it when they have a chance. The typical American audience consists principally of women, young girls especially, who are entranced by the quick music, the bright colors, the dancing, the singing, the bustle and excitement of the crowds.

The American actors are, for the most part, from the lower classes, and are not highly esteemed in society. They act either because they find it a convenient way to earn a living or because the roving life appeals to them. They are poorly paid, since the managers look out chiefly for their own interests. These managers have often no real dramatic education and assign the various parts in their plays to the actors who can afford to play for as small an amount as they will afford. Often an actress is selected for her personal beauty or her good clothes, whether she can read well or not. The plays are often written for certain actors, for people think only of the scenery and the action, and barely notice the dialogue. The action in a play is often changed to suit the public, which always wants a play to end happily. Because the American public is so frivolous, the theatres must have gorgeous scenic effects, brilliant lights, expensive costumes, etc. and are not forced to pay any attention whatsoever to the things which make the drama. The Germans call this mad desire for elegant machinery, for luxury and show, "Americanism," which

they think is characteristic of Americans anyway.

The trusts have given the death blow to the American drama as an art, for they are formed with only a money-making purpose. Two rival trusts will often each build a theatre in a small town, which can, at the most, only support one theatre, with the result that only poor, cheap performances are given. These trusts manage most all the "stars" and keep them for months in the large cities. They have such power now that it is almost impossible for a company not under their control, to make a decent living. The newspapers, also, in the big cities, are bought up by the trusts. Three or four years ago a prominent New York editor had to resign from his position, because the paper was paid to print lies about a certain theatre. This editor, William Winter, a cultured man of letters, who had long been interested in the theatre, could not endure this tyranny. When the public heard of his resignation, popular sentiment was aroused and much was published about the theatre trusts, which had never been imagined by people in general before.

The fact that newspaper criticisms of the theatres are so unjust, can often be explained by the trust system! That newspapers have a tremendous influence on the theatre-going public cannot be denied, for the papers are the bringers of news and the criterion of public opinion to a great many people. When the paper praises a play, or calls it "immoral," every frivolously-minded person wants to see it, because the paper says just what people want to hear.

The contrast between the German and the American stage becomes more pathetic, when one observes the modern conditions in both countries. The principal difference lies in the attitude of the public toward the theatre,—in Germany it is an art and a factor in the education of the public; in America, it has become merely an amusement resort. The position of the theatre in the minds of the Germans is characterized by its location in the big cities, where it stands amidst the most beautiful buildings, right with the art museums, the public galleries, the universities, churches, cathedrals,—in Berlin, near the Emperor's palace. The theatre stands in a square by itself,—never in a row of crowded blocks. It is beautifully and artistically decorated inside and out, and is usually surrounded by a lawn with shrubbery or flowers. The Emperor and the whole government give their active personal interest, as well as their money, to support the theatre. The Emperor appoints the managers in his theatre, usually barons, —while the actors receive fixed salaries, the same ones playing together for years. People buy their tickets for the whole year, just as we buy subscription tickets for a series of concerts, for one company remains in the same city all the time. Only some of the best actors travel from city to city, and play with different companies there.

The public becomes acquainted with its actors and loves them, for they have a great deal of influence, staying in one place so long. Because they are educated people,—many have been to college,—they are universally respected and loved, if they have great personalities.

Not only the Emperor, but also the city governments give a definite amount of money every year to their theatres, which they consider as much of an educational factor as their schools. For this reason, the managers can afford to have good plays, which, in themselves, help educate the public taste.

Because the Germans do not place so much emphasis on the machinery, the voices of the actors are much more noticed; and, because the scenery and costumes are not so costly, the tickets are proportionately cheaper, with the result that everyone can afford to hear Shakespeare played. An actor must be able to read well before he is considered at all for any part. He must learn that before he comes to a stock company in which he learns everything else by experience and by watching others. A new actor must learn a series of parts suited to his ability, size, and voice. For this reason, actors with little talent and much diligence can work up to be very good players in these companies. The actors must work hard, too, because the same piece is given only once or twice. However, a different person takes the leading role for each new piece, so that a larger number of actors have a chance to show their ability.

This justice towards the actors is a great

contrast to American conditions, among which bad management is not the only evil. The American stage ought to have not only educated actors and managers, but a real national drama,—instead of translations,—real, moral, uplifting, truly dramatic, plays; it needs the support of the cultured public, which will demand good plays and good conditions. Why the public has not prevented such conditions, is due to the religious prejudice against the theatre which exists even now in New England. The newspapers are also partly to blame, because their criticisms have been unjust, and because they always try to publish scandal about actors that is false in many cases. For this reason, educated people want to have nothing to do with the theatre. They will not let their children go there and they, too, cannot learn to enjoy the right kind of plays, if they see none at all.

Three years ago, some people began to think about these bad conditions. A woman's club in a town near Chicago, began to publish bulletins, in which people could learn what plays in Chicago were worth seeing. Other clubs heard about it all over the country, with the result that the "Drama League" was founded, one of the duties of which is to send out such bulletins. It also has lectures about the drama in the large cities, in order to increase public interest and public intelligence about such matters. Its purpose is to assure a good play of a large audience, in order that managers can afford to always have good plays.

As far as this work has gone, it has done much good, but it could be spread much further, either through this "Drama League" or by other means. All kinds of educational institutions ought to be reached,—the schools, universities, dramatic training schools, especially. Children ought to become acquainted with the drama from the beginning. The universities should have classes in which to study modern drama—like Professor Baker's at Harvard—and they should study the means by which an audience can be interested and kept interested.

The women's clubs, which have begun the good work, could also do much more if they would have lectures and classes to study the drama, for these clubs contain the finest and best educated women in the cities. If they were interested in the theatre they could, perhaps, influence the city governments to support it and encourage the establishment of more stock companies. These women's clubs could do a great deal for the future American stage, since American audiences consist principally of young women and girls. Just as they have introduced public playgrounds before the city government would support them, they could have "Art Theatres" established, which could be very influential, with the women's clubs as their patrons. Finally, if the "Drama League" or the women's clubs could win over to the cause rich and especially influential men, literary men, scholars, the newspapers and magazines, there would be a new era for the American stage.

That much has been done is understood, for many magazines, such as the "Ladies' Home Journal," have published articles telling about the poor management of American theatres. Other magazines, like the "Outlook," the "American Magazine," "The Bookman," have published criticisms of the stage and actors.

The success of great, uplifting drama, with religious motives, like "the Passing of the Third Floor Back," and the "Servant in the House," shows that Americans really like such themes. Again that the "Blue Bird," "Peter Pan," "Chanticleer," and "Every woman," have been so popular, proves that Americans still love the poetic and the symbolic,—although managers are afraid to have the classics, such as Shakespeare and Ibsen, played, except when the principal roles are taken by leading star actors. When John Craig presented Shakespeare, last year, crowds of people of all classes went to hear his company,—school children and society women alike, the tickets being so cheap that everyone could afford to go. When the Harvard-Radcliffe Prize Play was given last year, almost all Boston went to hear it,—at first, because they were curious, but later because they really enjoyed a simple, touching, story of real life.

No one can say that Americans have not the means to establish a good stage, for they excel in their realism, in their elaborate, yet accurate, scenic effects. They have also some of the best actors and actresses, as Maude Adams, Mrs.

Fiske, Viola Allen, Sothern and Marlowe, and they have had such great people as Joseph Jefferson, Richard Mansfield and the Booths.

The greatest hope for America lies in the spirit of the people itself. Democracy, the capability to discard the old and take up the new, the ability to arouse itself out of conservatism,—such a spirit the American people has to a greater degree than any other. And if the people could only be sufficiently aroused, the American stage could lead all other nations!

"Jetzt darf die Kunst auf ihrer Schattenbühne
Auch höheren Flug versuchen, ja sie mutz,
Soll nicht des Lebens Bühne sie beschämen."

GERTRUDE SOUTHER, 1913.

THE STREETS AT NIGHT.

The streets are very gay at night,
The streets are very gay.
I like the little fearless lights
That keep the dark away.

The shops are at their loveliest,
The very windows call
To come and look, oh, were there time
To stop and see them all!

The carriages wheel in, and out,
Their lights all shine and say
We're going to a party, or
We're going to the play.

The ladies all are sweetly dressed,
The men look down and smile,
They pass, but I remember them
For quite a little while.

So I walk up and I walk down
My streets so blithe and gay.
Oh, can these be the sober streets,
I walk along by day?

ELIZABETH HART, 1912.

UNTO THE THIRD AND FOURTH GENERATION.

THE heavy doors of the church in the little Canadian village of St. Joseph swung open and Dominique Champagne, tall, broad and strongly built, emerged into the crisp frostiness of the early November morning. When well outside he placed his cap upon his head carefully with a reverence of respectful awe that was more innate habit than thoughtful religion and made his way past the various sleepy stores of the village toward the narrow rocky road which led up the mountain toward his home. On his way he passed the post-office and saloon where already many of the men had gathered to talk over the prospects of the lumbering season, for this was the day when many of the men were leaving for the lumber camps farther north.

"Comme esse vous!'" called one as Dominique passed.

"Ce fait bien," replied Dominique cheerily, not offering to stop.

"Hi," called Baptiste Le Grandjean with a slightly redder face than even the cold of the morning could excuse. "Only one booze altogether to the woman an' the gal of the boss, he is tak them this trip."

Dominique shook his head.

"Ma Rosie, she is wait at the home."

Baptiste frowned sharply and shrugged his shoulders. That spring, pretty Rosie Du Pis had refused Baptiste and married Dominique.

"You grow so good you be a curé some day, mebbe, eh? and leave the Rosie to me," he called after the retreating figure. The group laughed. Baptiste shrugged his shoulders again, "Dominique, he not lak the ole Champagne, he drank lak one sponge."

"They all tak to the booze," said old Cush Agony, a bent, squint-eyed figure perched on a case of empty bottles. "Ole Champagne, his pa, he were killed in a row with Pete Sweney, dead drunk, an' Pierre, the old un, come from Montreal. He fell off the rocks by river one dark night, wat you call Point du Morte Homme."

"Dominique, he is never touch one drop," said someone. Baptiste shrugged his shoulders.

Meanwhile Dominique was swinging rapidly up the mountainside. He had been to confession, like all the others who were to start that day for the lumber camps, renewing his promise to the old white-haired curé that he would leave drink alone; that promise which, as a young boy he had made his mother and which he had never broken. It had done much for him, this strict temperance principle. He had married the prettiest, thriftiest girl in the vicinity and owned his own unpretentious patch of ground and little cabin.

He was coming in sight of it now, the neatly whitewashed logs shining through the trees. A bright face peered through the tiny panes of the front window and Rosie opened the door for him. He pinched her cheeks playfully with his cold hands, peeled off his coat and washed in the basin by the door, while she spread the red table-cloth and took the steaming oatmeal and rank coffee from the stove. They ate in silence, finding nothing to say in those last few minutes. Rosie in her bright red calico wrapper and wealth of dark hair, touched to a lustre by the sunshine streaming in the window, watched him devour slice after slice of the thick diagonally-cut bread. It is hard to lose one's husband for four or five months of the year, but there was nothing to do around the village in winter and Dominique got good wages in the camps, for he was a fine, reliable lumberman. Rosie knew it and looked at him proudly. Dominique placed his knife and fork carefully at right angles to him, shoved his plate forward and his chair backward, looked at Rosie a moment, then rose and pulled on his red jersey with his coat over that. Rosie stood watching him. He took her in his arms and held her close a moment.

"The promise, Dominique," she whispered. "You not forget, no?"

"No, Rosie," he said gently, "le bon Dieu bene," he murmured, kissed her, and was gone, striding down the mountain with his bundle over his back. She watched him from the window with sober, tearless, dark eyes. They are undemonstrative, these people of primitive passions. They carry their emotions too deep in their hearts to let them overflow in moments of true feeling.

The lumber season was good that winter and the camps were gay. Cheery, contented little Mrs. Ferris, the superintendent's wife, entered into the spirit of the rough life with such vigor that Mr. Ferris repented of his long and serious persuasive attempts to leave her and the little Marie at home. As for Marie, she was the pet of the camp. Some of the men in the long leisurely evenings, had fashioned for her some rough, but serviceable little snow-shoes, upon which it was her delight to walk back and forth from her father's cabin to the men's quarters.

Late one stormy afternoon when the wind came sweeping in relentless power from the cold yellow-red of the western sky, Dominique was making his way rapidly to headquarters, returning from delivering orders to the next camp. The long, narrow snow-shoes were making rapid, even, tracks in the vague indefinite whiteness, while the whirling particles of fine hard snow were obliterating them even as they were made, and the broad shoulders clad in the heavy red woolen jersey were bent to take the ever-increasing fury of the wind. When about a mile from the camp he paused; there, huddled in a heap by a large tree was a familiar little figure in her red fur-trimmed coat and toque, Marie Ferris. Dominique stooped over her in alarm, but she opened her blue eyes and smiled at him. Yes, she was cold, and she couldn't get home because the wind blew her back. Would Dominique take her back to mama? There was something appalling in the calm, trustful innocence of the child in the face of the fearful storm. What might fifteen minutes more there in the snow have meant to her! Dominique did not like to think. He loosened her little snow-shoes, took them off and hung them on the bough of a tree above.

"Is Dom'nique going to leave them here," she asked, "my pretty snow-shoes?"

"To-morrow, mebbe I come for them," said Dominique.

Stooping, he drew his jersey off his arms and over his head, wrapped the little one in it and carrying her in his arms, made his way again in the face of the storm. The wind, cold before, but growing rapidly colder since sunset, found its way quickly through his gray flannel shirt, flapping it mercilessly. Dominique pressed his burden closer.

"Sacré," he murmured between his clenched teeth. On he plodded, quickly at first, then more slowly. It was so cold. Gradually he felt it less and less as he fought the storm. The wind no longer stung him. He was conscious of a heaviness and weariness in his knees; they kept on going as if they were something outside himself. Where was he going? To Rosie, of course. She would have some pea soup waiting hot on the stove for him. Yes, there was Rosie and he could taste—it was not pea soup, though it was hot. It burned him. He didn't like the taste, yet when it was gone he half raised his head with a sudden wild desire.

"More," he said.

The doctor standing by the bed smiled.

"One of these habitants would turn in his coffin for a drink of whiskey," he said, as he held the glass to Dominique's willing lips.

"I have never known Dominique to drink," said Mr. Ferris. "That is why he is my right-hand man."

Marie was practically unhurt. They had taken her asleep from the numb arms of Dominique as he stumbled senseless against the superintendent's door, so the anxiety had centered about Dominique. Now he was out of danger and a few of the men who had been allowed in the living-room, where he lay, went back to their quarters to partake of their long-delayed supper.

Mrs. Ferris insisted that the doctor and Mr. Ferris do the same, since Dominique no longer needed them, so in the dim light of the shaded lamp he lay alone under the huge log jointings of the cabin. His fevered head rolled restlessly on the clean white pillow, then he opened his eyes. They rested upon a half empty bottle on the chair by the bed. Half unconscious of what he was doing, he grasped the bottle to his lips with his shaking hands, drained it to the last drop and sank back with a weak, half longing sigh into a profound sleep.

A few days later Dominique had taken his place again. There was a dull, heavy feeling in his head and a dryness in his mouth and he went about his duties with an uncommunicative reserve. That wild inexpressible, unanalyzable craving for

something haunted him continually; food did not satisfy him and water failed to quench his thirst. Dominique was often reserved, but now he was irritable almost to the point of ugliness. The men noticed it and left him for the most part alone.

Dominique came in late to supper, that next Saturday night. Another storm was sweeping with penetrating sharpness around the stoutly-banked cabin. The windows, pasted over with heavy brown paper, were still further reinforced by heavy coats, and the men were lounging back in their chairs around the roaring fire in the stove toward the center of the cabin interior. To the already overtaxed air were added the combined odors of pea soup and tobacco smoke. Bottles were being passed around.

Dominique stamped and shook the snow from his leggings and jersey. Baptiste removed the bottle from his lips and glanced toward Dominique.

"Dominique is come on time for tell his beads. He is not lak our companie, ce pas?"

The men laughed uproariously, but Dominique, dipping out some thick soup from the kettle on the stove turned sharply.

"Sacré! Ba'tis' Le Grandjean, you is drink lak one tank. Put back the bottle in your mouth, it is all wat keep you still."

"Mon Dieu, Dominique, it is too fast you speak. The one man, he is have the Rosie, the other the booze, an' by'n by—."

"Ferme le yeulle!" shrieked Dominique with such pugilistic indignation that the rough laughing ceased and Baptiste did not finish his sentence.

Dominique ate his soup in silence and rolling himself in his heavy gray blankets, stretched himself out on his bunk and slept while the others carried on their gay carousing. He woke later to find the fire almost out and the snow drifting in through the cracks of the door in spite of the old clothing stuffed there. The oil lamp with its much smoked chimney cast a hazy light over the room, through which the noise of heavy sleeping sounded. Some of the men had rolled themselves up on their bunks and some had slipped down in their chairs, their heads on one side. Dominique flung another chunk into the stove and stood warming himself before the blaze. As he did so the glow fell upon an unopened bottle. The heavy odor of liquor had almost maddened him. It drew him against his will. The mother whom he had promised was lying in her grave these five years, the old white-haired priest was far away, and Rosie—he was not thinking of Rosie, he was thinking only of his own wild longing and the bottle was there before him. He uncorked it and drank, drank to the last drop of that burning thing that satisfied, soothed and stimulated his whole being. The exhilaration lifted him out of himself; pacing back and forth in the wavering light of lamp and fire he burst into hilarious song. Now and then a sleeper stirred as he stumbled over him. The gusts of wind shook the cabin and howled, sighing around the corners. At last he lay worn out and weighed by a heavy drowsiness upon his untidy bunk.

Late next morning Baptiste shook him.

"Mon Dieu, Dominique, you is sleep lak you been on one booze last night."

Dominique made some unintelligible grunt, then he began to comprehend, and rolling out of his blankets ran his hands through his dishevelled hair and joined several others at the wash bucket. His head ached abominably. He declined much breakfast.

When Saturday night came again, for it was only on Saturday night that liquor was allowed, he waited long and impatiently until the men were sleeping soundly, then he crept toward them and looked for the bottles. There was only a little. So it went from week to week; always he thought it would be the last time and always the overmastering desire for it seemed to lead him to it. Habit made him ashamed to drink with them, or perhaps he was afraid of their jeers. However it was, they never knew he drank, yet he grew to count the time from one Saturday night to the next.

At last the winter was passed. The snow began to melt so that the sleds could no longer be used and the lumbermen who were not also log drivers, returned to their homes. The party, Dominique Champagne among them, made their way together until they reached the small town across the little mountain lake from the village of St. Joseph. Here they were to part. Before the saloon, the nucleus of the town, they paused.

"Come boys," said Baptiste, "the drinks

she is on me. For why you look so, Dominique? Be one good fellow to-day and drink to us all, ce pas?"

They slapped him on the back and drew him in. It was the last time, he told himself. He was going back to Rosie and would keep straight. Pierre La Ford, from over beyond le Point du Morte Homme, treated next and Dominique, quickly flushed, began to sing a rollicking patois song. Then he treated round, and treated round again, and the saloon keeper had to turn them out for sheer unruliness. He bid them many affectionate farewells and staggering ever so slightly, followed the zigzag path down to the lake shore where he borrowed a boat and began to row himself across in the falling twilight.

The strokes became more and more irregular; now and then he straightened up and began his old accustomed sweeping stroke, but gradually it flagged again. Presently an oar slipped from his grasp. It was a moment before he noticed it, then he made a quick reach for it, miscalculated the distance, and was down in the water. He felt the sudden cold and the echoing pressure in his ears, then pure instinct made him struggle to the top. One gasping breath and the mist of lethargy lifted, he was his own clear self again. He set out with strong determination and brute force to the boat fast drifting away. His boots were watersoaked and heavy, his coat was dragging him down, his arm caught on a button and the water was over his head. He struggled up once more. The face of his mother rose in his mind, the mother of years before; he saw his Rosie as he left her that fall morning. One more frantic fight. His breath came short. Half-way up the mountain side was a light.

"God," he said faintly under his breath, "God."

It was a prayer, not a curse. Then the water closed over his head between him and his Rosie,—Rosie and the son he never had seen.

DOROTHY TRUESDELL, 1913.

AN ARABIAN TOWN.

THE sun blazed down mercilessly upon the ship, as it lay anchored in the bay, and sent up darts and flashes of steel-blue and white-hot lights. From the shore a dry, scorching wind, laden with sand, ruffled the water, tossed the tiny junks around us, and parched our throats. In front of the vessel stretched the hottest country in the world, its ragged mountains reaching up gray against the cloudless Arabian sky; and, on a slope, in the very hottest part of the land lay the little town of Aden. Streets sprawled first in one direction, then off in another, the square mud huts squatting down hopelessly in the glare of the blazing sun. On all sides of the barren town, in the recesses of the cliffs, hot sands piled and drifted, and even as we stood on the deck, watching, a whirlwind caught up a cloud of sand and flung it up the mountain side to drift and wedge it firmly in and about a defiant crag. Then another breeze snatched the same cloud of sand and dashed it back, down over huts and streets to add inch after inch to the stifling burden of the town.

SILENCE MCVAY, 1915.

IMMORTALITY.

Hast ever heard, within the sound
  Of running water, or the sea,
  A music full of mystery,
Where joy and sorrow both are found?

Hast ever heard the whispered tone
  That sings beneath the sighing leaves
  Of tree-tops, played on by the breeze,
When life seems sad, and thou'rt alone?

The winds and waters both have grown
  In sweetness and in melody,
  In power and intensity,
And taken meanings not their own.

For voices which delighted men,—
  Although the singers leave the earth,
  Leave all their sorrow and their mirth,—
In nature's music live again.

MARJORY R. PECK, 1914.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1912.

STUDENT ALUMNÆ BUILDING.

Miss Swope, in her report of the work of the Student-Alumnæ Building Fund Committee, spoke of the widespread interest caused by the "mile-of-pennies" scheme and of the fact that the company furnishing the slips for pennies has offered the college a twenty per cent. commisson on all orders received through college influence.

Miss Swope announced that a box for questions and suggestions regarding the size, number of rooms, etc., of the Student Building, would be placed near the elevator table, in College Hall. She then outlined the plans as they have been provisionally drawn up, emphasizing that they had already been posted for inspection. Two tentative schemes have been submitted by the alumnæ: "Scheme A" shows on the first floor a grouping of parlors and offices in front of the large auditorium, a generous stage with dressing rooms and property rooms in the rear, and a serving room next to the reception room. The second floor shows at one end a group of five dining-rooms of various sizes, with a kitchen for the use of students, and at the opposite end, rooms for alumnæ and Seniors, and a kitchenette for serving tea. The Glee Club room is conveniently situated for rehearsals and the final concert. In the basement a sloping grade allows an entrance at the rear of the building into a large hall, to be used for dancing and for the June alumnæ luncheon. Should the college wish to serve luncheon here to Freshmen, the large kitchen, with adjoining serving pantry and a part of the hall, might be used. A large room is also provided for the workroom and office of the COLLEGE NEWS and MAGAZINE. The open cellar gives room for the connections with the central heating plant and for storage.

Scheme "B" shows a similar division of rooms on the different floors, but gives minor changes in the arrangement of these rooms, being somewhat more elaborate in detail. The ground area of the two plans is practically the same, but Scheme "A" shows a larger auditorium and a smaller number of rooms. The auditorium, with the gallery, gives a seating capacity of about 1,800 in Scheme "A," and 1,600 in Scheme "B." No site has as yet been determined for the building.

"About $10,000 has been accumulated during the last three years by undergraduates, alumnæ and friends. It is estimated that the building will cost from $100,000 to $150,000, depending upon the number of rooms."

DRAMA LEAGUE LECTURE.

The Boston Drama League was addressed Thursday, April 11, at 4.00 P.M., in the Schubert Theater, by Professor Richard Ordynski, Mr. H. T. Parker and Mr. Frank Chouteau Brown on "Max Reinhardt and the newer methods of stage production. Professor Ordynski, a co-worker with Professor Reinhardt, briefly outlined the purpose and method of the latter. Professor Reinhardt's aim is to win back the theater for the theater's sake, to recover the essence and not the form of naturalism, to direct theatergoers in the masterpieces of literature and to insist on the restoration of the technical art of acting. Thus in "Sumurun," his play without words, the acting,—mimicry and gesture,—are given full play.

Mr. Parker spoke of the relation of the old and the new stage settings. He emphasized that the first appeal of the theater is to the eye, and that it is for this reason that "Sumurun" is successful. He believes that audiences formerly submitted to the inadequate and unsuggestive scenery, much as they submitted to uncomfortable seats in the theater, —because there was much compensation in other things. He placed Professor Reinhardt's reform between this older mechanical form and the ever-elaborate, costly scenery of the "gorgeous production" of to-day; Professor Reinhardt's settings give truth of illusion, in contradistinction to truth of fact; they are simple, stripped of unnecessary detail and largely suggestive, never hampering the action of the players.

Mr. Brown then showed a number of carefully selected photographs and etchings illustrating the development of stage scenery, concluding with a number of Professor Reinhardt's settings for such classics as "Winter's Tale," "Romeo and Juliet," and "King Lear."

FREE PRESS.

Apropos of the proposed alumnæ publication. I am convinced that the attempt to create an Alumnæ News can only result in two little graves,—one for the proposed publication, and one for the College News. It is more than probable that an alumnæ publication more frequent than a quarterly could not stand on its own financial feet. It could command practically no advertising and the effort to meet this deficit with a boosted subscription rate would surely sink it. A monthly would be risky, but a weekly could only exist by means of an endowment,—as a sort of charitable institution.

On the other hand I may be a bit extreme in predicting inevitable ruin for the College News were the alumnæ support withdrawn, but it is certain that the exodus of the alumna subscriber would leave its mark on the books of the business manager.

The reasons given by those who are advocating the alumnæ sheet, seem to me to indicate the lack of necessity for the move. I believe that the alumnæ feel slighted and overlooked in the matter. Names are misspelled, articles that should be leaders in the magazine section are made to bring up in the rear of undergraduate banalities,—and, worst of all, there is but a meagre column or half column on alumnæ news in all these eight pages.

Now as for carelessness,—misspelled names, etc. The average News editor is no trained journalist,—she doesn't even know how to correct proof at the start, and she may even misspell an undergraduate's name. I believe said editor should be roundly abused on such occasions,—my observation is that she is, but an error now and then doesn't warrant this action on the part of the alumna. As for the place behind the undergraduate banalities,—that can easily be remedied,—I fancy we should smile as we did it. But the most important reason has the least grounds for existence. If the alumnæ do not get all the news about themselves that they would like, it is the fault of the alumnæ and not of the editors of the News. I have never known of any alumnæ news being cut, suppressed, altered, or refused. The News could use more material; often it is mighty glad to get it, but the point is that it does not get it. The fault lies at headquarters, and I know from experience that no small measure of the carelessness originates there. If the alumnæ keep up their end of the matter and get material to the News when it ought to get there, if they make the demand for more space and furnish the copy to fill it, there will be no need for this South Sea Bubble that we of the Paleozoic Age are contemplating.

I have had but one year's experience as an alumna, but I have had one as editor of the News and feel that my opinion may perhaps have more than personal weight.

Kate Parsons, 1911.

PROFESSOR GLOVER'S LECTURE.

On Tuesday evening, March 26th, Professor L. R. Glover of St. John's College, Cambridge, lectured upon "The Relation of Stoicism to Early Christianity." Professor Glover, in giving an imaginative reconstruction of a stoic sculptor's conversion to Christianity, and of the origin of the conception of Christ as the Good Shepherd, made his audience feel very clearly the atmosphere in which second-century Christianity existed. He presented pictures from the every-day life of that time, and gave conversations such as took place between Pagans and Christians who were neighbors. To make a more certain appeal, the lecture was unified by means of the narrative form, but Professor Glover announced at the very beginning that each statement had an historical basis, the principal source being Tertullian.

In a most interesting way he pictured the probable course of the conversion of a stoic Roman sculptor to Christianity, due to his realization of what the Christians were willing to undergo for their religion. This same realization is borne in upon him from association with his Christian friends.

Being by instinct an artist, he begins to consider how he may make some representation of Christ. The symbolic fish, an early attempt at Christian representation, was already current. To this sculptor, a dusty, old statue of Hermes the Ram-bearer brings a suggestion. By changing the statue only a little he can make it into the Good Shepherd bearing the sheep upon His shoulders. On the whole, the statue of the Good Shepherd is much admired and often copied, becoming the great symbolic Christian representation. Christ the Good Shepherd came earlier into art than even Christ the Crucified. The originator of the conception is nameless, his effort was doubtless crude, but the greatness of his idea has been recognized by all succeeding generations of Christians.

Professor Glover brought us at least two new points: the probable relation between the old pagan Hermes, the Ram-bearer, and Christ the Good Shepherd; and the fact that the conception of a Good Shepherd is a mixing of two synoptic parables. But he did a thing even more valuable in giving a vivid picture of life in the early Christian centuries.

PARLIAMENT OF FOOLS.

A SAD SONNET.

I dreamed of hats fair as a summer's day,
With flowers of wondrous beauty all aglow,
A picture hat, such as the windows show,
With price concealed,—"a model on display."
I went to buy, and on my head she placed
Hats that tipped up, hats that concealed my eyes,
Hats that would cause a Zulu mild surprise:
"Your style exactly! Chic, and in good taste."
From store to store I went, the "latest style"
Pursuing me with unbecoming zeal;
The hat I wished might be in after while,
Just now a hatred for all hats I feel;
The bonnet of my dreams,—no hope of that,—
For I have bought a horrid, stylish, hat.

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make a mighty ocean,
And a pleasant land."

Little feet of pennies
Make a mile or two,
Bring our Students' Building
Nearer into view.

SIGNS OF SPRING.

Wake! For the man who paints the bathroom walls,
Downstairs is yanking on his overalls,
And if we make not haste, we may not wash
Nor brush our teeth,—the thought of it appalls.

I sometimes think that never blows so cold
The wind, as when I change my garment old,
And sally forth in summer garb attired:
Oh, how can change in weather be foretold?

C. M. C., 1914.

"GOLD FOR THE BLUE."

February 23	$25[illegible]
1904, Graphology	[illegible]
"Twig of Thorn"	[illegible]
Refreshments at Barn	[illegible]
Gifts	[illegible]
Hartford Wellesley Club	[illegible]
Interest	[illegible]
Sale of candy at Barn	[illegible]
Auction	[illegible]
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NOTICE.

Some very interesting examples of Mr. Henry Havelock Pierce's portraits are on exhibition at the COLLEGE BOOKSTORE. Do not fail to see them.

CIRCULO CASTELLANO.

The Circulo Castellano held its regular meeting in the Agora House on March 25, at 7.30 P.M. The student part of the entertainment was furnished by Pauline Miller, who read a paper on current events, and by Miss Brill, who sang several lovely Spanish songs, accompanying herself on the guitar.

The rest of the meeting was given over to a lecture by Miss Orvis on the "Second of May," which has been a Spanish national holiday since 1808. Miss Orvis explained how Napoleon planned his campaign of Portugal with the conquering of Spain as his main ambition. The skirmish in Madrid on May 2, 1808, between a few citizens and the French soldiers, which ended in defeat for the Spanish, was the initial conflict, and the first instance of those uprisings which immediately came, so spontaneously, throughout all Spain. The strong national spirit of the Spanish could not brook a foreign master, and so, although they were defeated many times, Napoleon, in the end, achieved nothing.

Miss Orvis emphasized the fact that, in failing to realize that he was assailing an unconquerable national spirit, Napoleon showed an obtuseness that was rarely evident in him. Because "the second of May" was the first occasion on which that great national spirit showed itself against Napoleon, it is celebrated as one of the most important days of Spanish history.

The lecture was very enjoyable, and gave an insight into Napoleon's entire relation with Spain.

STUDENT GOVERNMENT MEETING.

A regular meeting of the Student Government Association was held Wednesday, April 10, at 1.30 P.M., in College Hall Chapel. Miss Bingham characterized the nature of the business to be brought before the meeting as "spring housecleaning." She called the attention of the Association to the rules regarding chaperonage, registration, reporting to newspapers, and canoeing on the Charles. She emphasized the personal responsibility of each girl to give out no information to reporters, but to refer them to Miss Woodward, the college reporter.

Other members of the Association then spoke on the duties of every student toward the "campus beautiful," the necessity of remembering not to call out of the windows, thoughtless discourtesy to instructors by inattention and whispering, and quiet in the library.

Miss Swope, representing the Student Alumnæ Building Fund, then reported on the progress of the committee's work, which has been most encouraging.

Miss Bingham closed the meeting by announcing the dates for balloting for the Student Government officers for 1912-1913, and by asking all members of 1913, who desired to become village Seniors, to hand into her their names.

BOSTON PLAYS.

BOSTON: "The Old Town," with Montgomery and Stone.
CASTLE SQUARE: "The Galloper."
COLONIAL: "The Siren," with Donald Brian and Julia Sanderson.
HOLLIS: Miss Billie Burke in "The Runaway."
MAJESTIC: Lew Dockstader's Minstrels.
PARK: Hattie Williams in "The Girl from Montmartre," a new farce with music and a good cast.
PLYMOUTH: H. B. Warner in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," by Paul Armstrong.
SHUBERT: Max Reinhardt's "Sumurun," a play without words.
SOUTH END: Stock Company, "The Blue Mouse," by Clyde Fitch.

ART EXHIBITIONS IN BOSTON.

VOSE'S GALLERY: Mr. Carlsen's Paintings.
BROOKS REED GALLERY: French Etchings in Color.
COPLEY GALLERY: Mr. Enneking's Paintings.
BOSTON CAMERA CLUB: Mr. Loud's Photographs.
DOLL & RICHARDS': Mr. Davies's Paintings.
BOSTON ART CLUB: Water-color Club Exhibition.
DOLL & RICHARDS': Etchings by Mr. Aid.
MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS: Ancient Maya Art.
FOGG ART MUSEUM: Early German Engravings.
MILTON PUBLIC LIBRARY: Mr. Hudson's Paintings.
DOLL & RICHARDS': Mr. Macknight's Water-colors.

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Sarah W. Parker, 1913 Susan Wilbur, 1913
Lucile Woodling, 1914 Charlotte M. Conover, 1914
REPORTERS.
Mary F. Ballantine, 1914 Lucy Addams, 1914
BUSINESS MANAGER, Frances Gray, 1912
ASSOCIATE BUSINESS MANAGER, Josephine Guion, 1913
ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER, Ellen Howard, 1914
SUBSCRIPTION EDITOR, Dorothy Blodgett, 1912
ADVERTISING BUSINESS MANAGER, Bertha M. Beckford, Wellesley College.

The WELLESLEY COLLEGE NEWS is published weekly from October to July, by a board of editors chosen from the student body.

All literary contributions may be sent to Miss Helen G. Logan, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All items of college interest will be received by Miss Kathlene Burnett, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All Alumnæ News should be sent to Miss Bertha March, 394 Massachusetts Ave., Boston, Mass.

All business communications should be sent to Miss Frances Gray, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions should be sent to Miss Dorothy Blodgett, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Terms, $1.50 for residents and non-residents; single copies, 15 cents.

EDITORIAL.

April 12, 1912.

Subscribers to the NEWS, like all Gaul, are divided into three parts,—those who read the College Calendar, those who skip over the Free Presses and Parliament of Fools, and those who read the NEWS with more or less interest and thoroughness. At the beginning of a different management, the NEWS has something to say to each of the three classes.

The first class has its value. None would be so quick to admit it as we. Still you cannot but see how discouraging it is to feel that the NEWS is of interest merely as a bulletin board. Read the NEWS and see how often you will find things of interest, Oh ye of the fleeting moments! Even the lecture "write-up" will save you from ignorant and embarrassed stammering when an interested outsider says, "Oh, I see where Dr. So-and-So lectured in Wellesley the other night."

Through the Free Press, etc., readers we can hope to arouse valuable interest, for theoretically this is the department of the college at large where in public sentiment and opinion can be very easily aroused. The Free Press should be a far larger important factor in the NEWS than it is, it seems to us. What prevents is too often a lack of vital interest in the affairs of the day. Too often our criticisms are vented on our immediate friends, who are usually in the same state of helpless querulousness as ourselves. When you have a grievance write it out, bring it to the attention of the community in a Free Press, and it has at least a better chance of correction. We need your co-operation and your broad view-point to make this department what it should be,—a place for free speech in the interests of the greatest needs of our college.

Last of all comes the class that reads the NEWS with a certain degree of interest and thoroughness,—the class that "warms the cockles" of the editorial heart! It is this class to which the appeals most often reach; it is this class that inspires us to even bother to make the appeals.

Modesty forbids us to encourage others to enter this class on account of the innate excellence of the publication, but nothing can hinder our asking them to help us by their interest to make it a worthy organ of our college.

All this is not a boom for the NEWS,—subscriptions were collected last fall, you remember. It is rather a statement of our "policy"—if that is not too dignified a word.

There is no need to dwell on the successful management of the NEWS last year. Everyone who read it acknowledges it, and gives the praise where it is deserved. It is our hope to continue this course, widening and broadening with the widening and

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broadening of college interests. This, however, cannot be done by an editorial board, however zealous and persevering it be. It is only with the help and a great deal of the help of the college at large that the NEWS can touch, arouse and accomplish the good it should and must be made to do.

So help us, you whose privilege it is to be connected with Wellesley, and whose duty it is to support the NEWS.—help us with interest and aid in making this publication the loyal, true, and worthy voice of Wellesley College's interests and aims.

COLLEGE CALENDAR.

Wednesday, April 17, 4.30 P.M. Address by Mrs. Ware of "Warelands" on "Dairy Farming for Women."

Saturday, April 20, 7.30 P.M. Society Programmes.

Sunday, April 21, 11.00 A.M., Houghton Memorial Chapel. Dr. William P. Merrill.

7.30 P.M. Address.

Monday, April 22, 2.30 P.M., Mary Hemenway Hall. Baseball game between Seniors and Juniors.

7.30 P.M., College Hall Chapel. Lecture: "The World Problem of the Color Line," by Dr. William E. B. DuBois.

8.00 P.M., Billings Hall. Lecture: "Purpose in Music," by Professor Leonard B. MacWhood of Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J.

7.30, Society House. Debating Club.

COLLEGE NOTE.

Last July the first "Universal Races Congress" met in London. Speakers literally from all over the world were there, many of them famous orators and writers. Among those that I heard, including

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Israel Zangwill, no one seemed to me so interesting or so able as Dr. DuBois. Those who know his "Souls of Black Folk," are acquainted with him as an author; as a speaker he is even finer. It is a gratification to me that the college is to have the opportunity to hear him on April 22.

E. G. BALCH.

It is announced that Mrs. Mabel Wolcott Brown, who for the past year has been hostess and manager of the Wellesley Inn, is to resign her position at the close of the present season. Mrs. Brown is to return to Tenacre, the Lower School of Dana Hall, Wellesley, to become Associate Principal of that school.

LOST.

Black caracul muff with name inside. Return to Linda Henly, 38 Freeman.

ENGAGEMENTS.

Amy M. Brown, 1909, to Mr. Frank D. Brewer, Princeton, 1910.

Susan E. Dickson, 1911, to Mr. Fred H. Taylor, Williams, 1910.

Helen Reynolds, 1912, to Philip Montgomery Wentworth, Massachusetts Institute Technology, 1910, Carson City, Nevada.

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Dr. Casper Rene Gregory, theologian, German scholar, and textual critic, is now making a visit to America to lecture before the American universities. Professor Gregory is the author of the "Canon and Text of the New Testament" and other interesting works on theology and technical criticism. Though American born, he is now a naturalized German citizen, and this is his longest visit to America since he left in 1873. Wellesley, then, is especially fortunate to be numbered among the thirty universities at which he is to speak.

The subject of his address in College Hall Chapel, on April 9, was "The Search for a Pure New Testament Text." He traced four stages in the textual history of manuscripts: (1) original manuscripts circulating little by little through the Roman provinces. These gradually passed into (2) rewrought manuscripts, freely worked over between 60-150 A. D.—inasmuch as they were not yet held as sacred scripture,—to fit the colloquial language of each locality, and to preserve additions and corrections of a tradition still vivid and authentic. These, in turn, were (3) polished, from the year 200 on by Christian grammarians, who corrected the more or less colloquial Greek of the original. Finally (4) the official manuscript was compiled first in the third century by Syrian bishops to meet the need of a uniform text in the general confusion of rendering, and again, more successfully, in the fourth century, when a unified and government-sanctioned Christianity was more ready to accept a uniform text.

In addition to the fact that Professor Gregory is said "to possess a fuller first-hand acquaintance with New Testament manuscript than any scholar now living," he speaks with such vivacity and spicy humor, so vividly uniting a technical and abstruse subject with practical every-day experience, that his lecture was, indeed, of exceptional interest and enjoyment.

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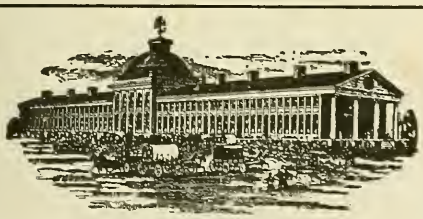

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